TO

# Mrs. CREWE.

WHERE the lovelieſt Expreſſion to Feature is join'd,
By Nature's moſt delicate Pencil deſign'd;
Where Bluſhes unbidden and Smiles without Art
Speak the Sweetneſs and Feeling that dwell in the Heart;
Where in Manners enchanting no Blemiſh we trace,
But the Soul keeps the Promiſe we had from the Face:
Sure Philoſophy, Reaſon, and Coldneſs muſt prove
Defences unequal to ſhield us from Love.
Then tell me, myſterious Enchanter, O! tell,
By what wonderful Art, or by what magic Spell,
My Heart is ſo fenced, that for once I am wiſe,
And gaze without madneſs on Amoret's Eyes:
That my Wiſhes, which never were bounded before,
Are here bounded by Friendſhip, and aſk for no more.
Is it Reaſon?---no, That my whole Life will belye,
For who ſo at variance as Reaſon and I?
Is't Ambition that fills up each Chink of my Heart,
Nor allows to one ſofter Senſation a Part?
Ah! no, for in this all the World muſt agree
That one Folly was never ſufficient for me.

Is

Is my Mind on Diſtreſs ſo intenſely employ'd?
Or by Pleaſure relax'd, or Variety cloy'd?
For, alike in this only, Enjoyment and Pain
Both ſlacken the Springs of the Nerves which they ſtrain,
That I've felt each Reverſe that from Fortune can flow,
That I've taſted each Bliſs which the Happieſt know;
Has ſtill been the whimſical Fate of my Life,
Where Anguiſh and Joy have been ever at ſtrife.
But tho' vers'd in th' Extremes both of Pleaſure and Pain,
I am ſtill but too ready to feel them again.
If then for this once in my Life I am free,
And eſcape from a Snare might catch wiſer than me;
'Tis that Beauty alone but imperfectly charms,
For, tho' Brightneſs may dazzle, 'tis Kindneſs that warms.
As on Suns in the Winter with Pleaſure we gaze,
But feel not their Force, tho' their Splendor we praiſe;
So Beauty our juſt Admiration may claim,
But Love, and Love only our Hearts can enflame.

FINIS.

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